IN SEARCH OF LIBERTY.

Ten Thousand Citizens of Finland Come to America to Escape the Oppression of Russia.

Finland is about to lose many thousands of her inhabitants. Weary of Russian oppression, they are preparing to turn their backs upon the country of their birth to find homes in the new world that has sheltered the downtrodden and the oppressed ever since that bleak November day, when the Pilgrim Fathers first trod the shores of Massachusetts Bay. Already arrangements have been made for 10,000 of these people to leave Finland, and this number will settle in Canada during the coming year. At the same time thousands of others will sail for the United States and will settle in the West, where land is already being set aside for them. Used to freedom, for which they fought through centuries, they are unwilling to live in subjection as serfs of the Russian Czar.

The first of the Finlanders to come to this country will start within a few weeks, and it has been arranged that this party shall go to Canada. The Finlander commissioners who came to America to look over the ground a few months ago finally succeeded in making arrangements for suitable concessions with the Canadian Government, more than 100,000 acres of choice agricultural lands having been set apart for their use.

WHERE THEY WILL SETTLE.

This land, which is located near Alberta, near the farming regions west of Red Deer, is splendidly wooded and watered, and is nearly all high, rolling prairie, suitable for wheat raising, dairying and mixed farming. While the commissioners, Messrs. Wingklemann, Zilliacus and Bargotrom, received warm welcome from the United States authorities and finally accepted several tenders of land, no proposition that they received was as favorable to the colonists as the offer that was made by the Canadian Government. As the result the large colony will be planted in Canada. At the same time about a dozen colonies will spring up in the West with the result that the population of America will be increased by tens of thousands of liberty-loving, honest and religious people.

The case of Finland is one that appeals with peculiar force to American sympathies. Finland is a little nation, but for 1,300 years it has enjoyed its own government, its religion, its literature and its own language. Now it is about to have all these privileges ruthlessly torn from them by the cruel decrees of the Russian Government.

It was in 1814 that Russia took possession of Finland, but this possession was obtained by a solemn treaty that Finland should forever enjoy her own autonomy. All the Russian czars have confirmed it, as Grand Duke of Finland, in their coronation oaths, and when the present Czar was crowned, a few years ago, he solemnly repeated this oath. In spite of this, however, he has failed to keep his promise. Suddenly, as a thunderbolt from a clear sky, came the decree depriving them of all their privileges, and calling for the complete Russianization of Finland.

As soon as the new edict was received the Imperial Senate of Finland addressed a respectful remonstrance to the Czar, and forwarded it to him by a deputation of prominent citizens. The Czar, however, declined to receive the deputies, and when the Senate's address was read to him he wrote on the back of it: "Does not deserve any intervention."

Public meetings were then held throughout Finland, and within a week nearly 550,000 signatures of adult Finnish citizens, both men and women, were obtained to an appeal, which was taken to St. Petersburg by a deputation of 500 men. Again, however, the Czar declined to receive them, and at this second refusal, the spokesman of the party, Consul Wolk, did not hesitate to speak very plainly to the Minister Secretary of State, who had informed them of the emperor's decision.

AN APPEAL TO THE CZAR.

"We beseech you," he said, "to assure His Majesty that we shall never take refuge in unlawful means. It is for this reason that it is so wounding for a dutiful people to see themselves surrounded at every step by gendarmes. It is not see the Czar, and once when six Finnish noblemen were taken to Siberia, banished for the crime of having contributed large sums to the fund that is to be used in enabling the Finlanders to emigrate to the new world. On each occasion crowds of peasants gathered at each station where the trains stopped and with heads uncovered, stood in perfect silence, thus showing their respect and gratitude to those who were working or suffering for their country's cause.

It is safe to assert that in no country in the world would the people act with such

TEN THOUSAND FINLANDERS HAVE FORSAKEN THE CZAR AND ARE ABOUT TO SETTLE IN THE WEST; YOU SEE HERE A TYPICAL FINLANDER AND THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY WHICH HE HAS DESERTED.

these that keep the people quiet; it is hereditary respect for the holiness of law. We are no rebels, but we are not worthy of our free institutions if we do not, openly and without fear, humbly but firmly, protest against every violation of our fundamental laws—our constitution—sworn to by five Czars and further development under their wise rule. The whole Finnish people find such a violation in the manifesto of February 15th."

The Finlanders have not given up hope that the Czar will show mercy to them but from the ruling party they expect nothing. In spite of this feeling that they are to be robbed of all that is sweetest to them there is not the least sign of disorder. There are no public meetings, no inflammatory speeches and no chance is given to the authorities to march troops through the country. In fact, the only kind of demonstration that has been made was on two occasions, once when the deputation started for St. Petersburg in the hope of being able to discretion and tact as has been shown in Finland, and one may judge, by this description of the Finnish character whether the new world is not a gainer by reason of the Czar's oppression.

THE ACTION OF THE CZAR.

The fact that the young Czar should have acted in this manner, however, has caused no end of comment in every civilized country. Up to this time he had given every indication of being a liberal and conscientious sovereign. The fact that such a man should have been able to break his oath so shortly after taking it has been regarded as one of the strange problems of psychology, but a theory has been recently advanced that may be the true explanation of the mystery. According to this story, which is vouched for in diplomatic circles, General Kanapotkin, who is in control in Finland, informed the Czar that he had discovered a plot by which it had been arranged that in the event of war between Russia and Germany, the Finns were to take the side of their co-religionists in Germany, and to provide 100,000 men to fight against Russia.

While there is absolutely no truth in such a story the fact that the Finlanders are such strong Lutherans and have already manifested such a preference for Germans over Russians, the latter having been regarded as aliens in the Grand Duchy, it is quite possible that the Czar may have been persuaded to accept this charge, in which case there might be some slight excuse for his present tyrannical policy in connection with the people of Finland.

However that may be, the Czar seems to be persuaded that he is acting for his best interests and the result will certainly be that the Finlanders will leave their country to him. The poorer people will leave at once and those who have property will depart as soon as they are able to dispose of their holdings. Then in the new world they will re-establish their homes and enjoy the freedom that they would be unable to obtain under a military despotism such as Russia has now formed.

The Finlanders are by no means the only subjects of the Czar who have recently found refuge in the new world. Only a year ago a large colony of Doukhobors or Russian Quakers found a home in Canada and those who have taken an interest in the welfare of these nineteenth century Pilgrim Fathers will be glad to know that they are thriving well and are happy. Like the Finlanders, they are opposed to militarism, and like the Finlanders they were past masters in the art of passive resistance. They accepted their oppression humbly up to a certain point and then quietly left the country that would not permit them to live in peace. As the coming of such honest and industrious people is a God-send to the undeveloped sections of the new world, they may be assured of a hearty welcome on this continent as long as there are rulers who oppress them in Europe.

WAS A TERROR TO STAGE ROBBERS

Exploits of Mose Copp, Eastern Maine's Famous Jehu.

FOUGHT A GANG SINGLE-HANDED

And Safely Delivered a Chest Containing $35,000—He Made a Record During the Days of Bounty Jumping.

PROSPECT, ME., Dec. 14.—The best-liked and the most-feared man in eastern Maine thirty years ago was Moses Copp, the stage driver, who carried the mails between Bucksport and Bangor. In the summer the stage driver made a picnic excursion of his task, because two lines of steamboats ran up the river carrying all the heavy baggage and most of the passengers, but after December 10, when the ice reached down as far as Winterport, and most of the steamboats went into winter quarters, "Mose" Copp became he most important man in two counties and could deal out comfort or sorrow to the people who visited or went out from northern Maine. As soon as travel became good it was Copp's practice to set out from Bucksport at 7 o'clock in the morning behind six stout Canadian horses and to guide his great stage up and down hill over some of the worst roads in Maine until he reached Bangor, eighteen miles away. After taking dinner ing a load for the return trip, e put in new horses and went back to Bucksport, where he arrived at 7 o'clock in the evening, if the roads were good. If the traveling was bad, as was usually the case, he was frequently out all night, shoveling snow, mending harness or making wide detours through rough fields in order to avoid the drifts.

If there was one thing more deeply impressed upon Copp's mind than any other it was the fact that he carried the United States mails, and was therefore exempt from any process of arrest while he sat on the box with the mail bags under his feet. His first taste of fame came when he defended the mail-bags against big odds one night in December, 1856. One of the Bangor banks was known to have a large amount of money, which was about to be sent to Boston. A party of tough characters from Bangor and Old Town, hearing that Copp was going to take the money to Bucksport for shipment by post, lay in wait for the stage near Mill Creek. They caught the leaders by the bits as Copp was climbing a long hill on the edge of Bucksport.

HOLD UP YOUR HANDS.

"Hold up your hands, Mose Copp," said one of the men, presenting a loaded pistol, "or you'll never see Bucksport again!"

"Can't do it, you see," replied Copp; "both of my hands are full of reins, and if I should let go they'd fine me for neglecting the mail. Come down this way and let's talk it over."

Two men advanced to the stage with drawn revolvers. Mose waited until they had put their feet on the stage runners and were about to climb to the seat when he grabbed the revolver from the hand of the leader, kicking him in the face at the same time. Then, like a flash, he turned the revolver upon the other man. Both fired at the same time, the robber falling dead in the snow and Copp receiving a wound in his left arm. Copp at once shifted the revolver to his left hand, and shot one of the men who held the horses. As he was cocking the weapon to fire again two of the party climbed up from behind and overpowered him.

They rifled the mail-sacks, securing about $200 from the registered letters, but the $35,000 in bills which they expected to get could not be found. The men accused Copp of concealing one of the bags, and began to torture him in order to make him confess. While two men held him and another broke his fingers between two stones Copp uttered one of his urgent chrrups to his horses, which started to run, overturnning the man who was holding them, and never stopped until the stage had reached Bucksport. An armed force was at once sent back to the rescue. They met Copp about two miles out of Bucksport. He had stolen a horse and sleigh from a farmer's barn, and ridden in haste to give the alarm.

"I'll make the money good if they want me to," said Deacon Robinson, who owned the stage route, "but I'm awfully sorry for you, Mose; for money won't heal your hurts."

"You ain't got to make any money good," cried Copp, "not a darned cent."

"Why?" asked the deacon. "Didn't they go through the mails?"

"Sartin," said Copp; "but the money went by express, and you'll find it in the wooden box strapped on behind."

The Eastern Express Company paid Copp's doctor bills and gave him $2,000 for his valor.

He had made a half a dozen trips after his recovery when he met with an adventure that is still talked of in Maine. One night in February he was coming down from Bangor in a blinding snow-storm that blocked the roads and made traveling next to impossible. He had a few boxes and trunks on behind. There was only one passenger, a large well-dressed woman about sixty yearss old, who complained of toothache and who took frequent doses of brandy to relieve her pain. As Copp was not averse to a little good liquor on a cold night he helped to lower the contents of the bottle several times. It was past 10 o'clock when he pulled out of Mill Creek on the ten-mile run for Bucksport. The road led through open fields that gave the wind free sweep. It blew so hard that Copp pulled the robes over his face to shield his eyes, trusting his horses to follow the road. After he had gone a mile or two he looked out and found that the stage was moving through a rough pasture and near a growth of wood which he did not recognize. He lighted a lantern and trailed the stage tracks back for half a mile without finding the highway. After this he shaped his course by the wind and drove on for half an hour in silence. By this time the horses were used up from wading in the deep snow, so Copp came to a stand-still in the lee of some thick evergreens. The woman, who was inside was not afraid. She told Copp that she would take the lantern and go on ahead to pick out an easy road, while he could follow behind with the stage. Copp said she could wade in deep snow better than any man. He followed her for an hour. All at once she lifted her lantern and shouted back to him:

MAKING TIME.

"Come on. We are almost out. I can hear a dog bark."

Copp whipped his weary horses into a gallop. The stage rocked and swayed among the trees, and in a very dark place among the woods pitched off into space. Copp saw the lantern dropping into an abyss, grabbed the mail bags and leaped among the trees just as the horses and stage went over the brink. He stayed in the woods until daylight, by which time the storm had abated so that he could see houses in the distance. He was at Bucksport Centre, just across the river from Frankfort. After he had sent the mail on by special delivery, he and the neighbors made a long search for the missing woman, who had led the stage astray. The tracks were followed to a tall bluff that overlooked the river, which was open at that place. On the edges below were some robes and a few fragments of wood from the stage. No part of the stage and no trace of the woman or the horses were ever discovered after the first day. From the time of the accident until Copp's death the neighbors said they saw a woman with a lantern walking about on the bluff. This was supposed to be the ghost of the vigorous female, who was with Copp on the night of the big storm, although none of the people ever mustered courage enough to go and ask her why she ventured out in such bad weather. She has not been seen since Copp's death.

Contrary to the expectations of the good people who anticipated a radical reform, Copp did not give up drinking after his bitter experience with the mysterious woman and the bottle of brandy. On the contrary, he abandoned whiskey, rum and gin and devoted himself exclusively to brandy taking it frequently and in large doses. One winter night, soon after the Civil War began he met a team loaded with logs in the middle of a narrow and drifted road.

"Make way for the United States mail," cried Copp.

"Make way for nothing," replied this teamster, "Half this road belongs to me, and I'm going to take it."

"Ish shat so?" asked Copp, with tipsy gravity. "Ef you mush hev it, you mush. Jesh take one half of the nigh side an' tother half on the off shide, an' I'll sit here an' see ye go by."

As soon as the State failed to fill its quota of men on time, and a draft was ordered, the stage line did a rushing business, carrying timid men north on their way to Canada and New Brunswick. By this time liquor and exposure had made an old man of Copp, so he was taken off from the mail stage and put in charge of a fancy new turnout which, on account of the uses to which it was put, was called the Copperhead coach. Its sole business was to carry refugees and deserters to New Brunswick. Copp, who knew all the by-paths, took his parties over new roads on every trip and drove so fast and furious that the United States marshals could not get hold of him for several months. One night when he was carrying a big party over the Whale's Back, in the town of Beddington, and was putting his eight horses down a steep hill at a gallop, a party of marshals mounted on horseback, reined up across the road and told him to stop, a command which Copp couldn't have obeyed if he had wanted to do so, and one which it is probable he wouldn't have heeded if he could.

AND HE MEANT IT.

"Go to glory!" shouted Copp, spinning the line of his long coach whip along the backs of the horses and making it crack as loud as a pistol report. "I get $25 a head if I land these men in New Brunswick dead or alive, and by gosh-a-mighty! I'm going to do it."

The horses leaped to right and left to get out of the way, dismounting several of the posse and laming one man for life. As Copp went by in a cloud of dust the marshals opened fire, killing one man on top of the stage and wounding an inside passenger. The escaping conscripts returned the fire and wounded two men. When they were well beyond gunshot Copp hauled up and asked if anybody was killed. When told that one man had been shot through the head, he said:

"Tie him on until we get across the line. He's worth as much as any of you are to me, if I can deliver his body. Get up!"

On his return to Bucksport, Copp was put under arrest for resisting a United States marshal. His case was continued from time to time until the war ended, when he was allowed to go free. Soon after this a railroad was completed between Bucksport and Bangor, and Copp retired to his farm in Prospect, where he passed his last days in cursing the railroads.—New York Sun.

Why They Were Silent.

Doctor—"Did your teeth chatter when you had the chill?"

Patient—"No; they were on the table."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.